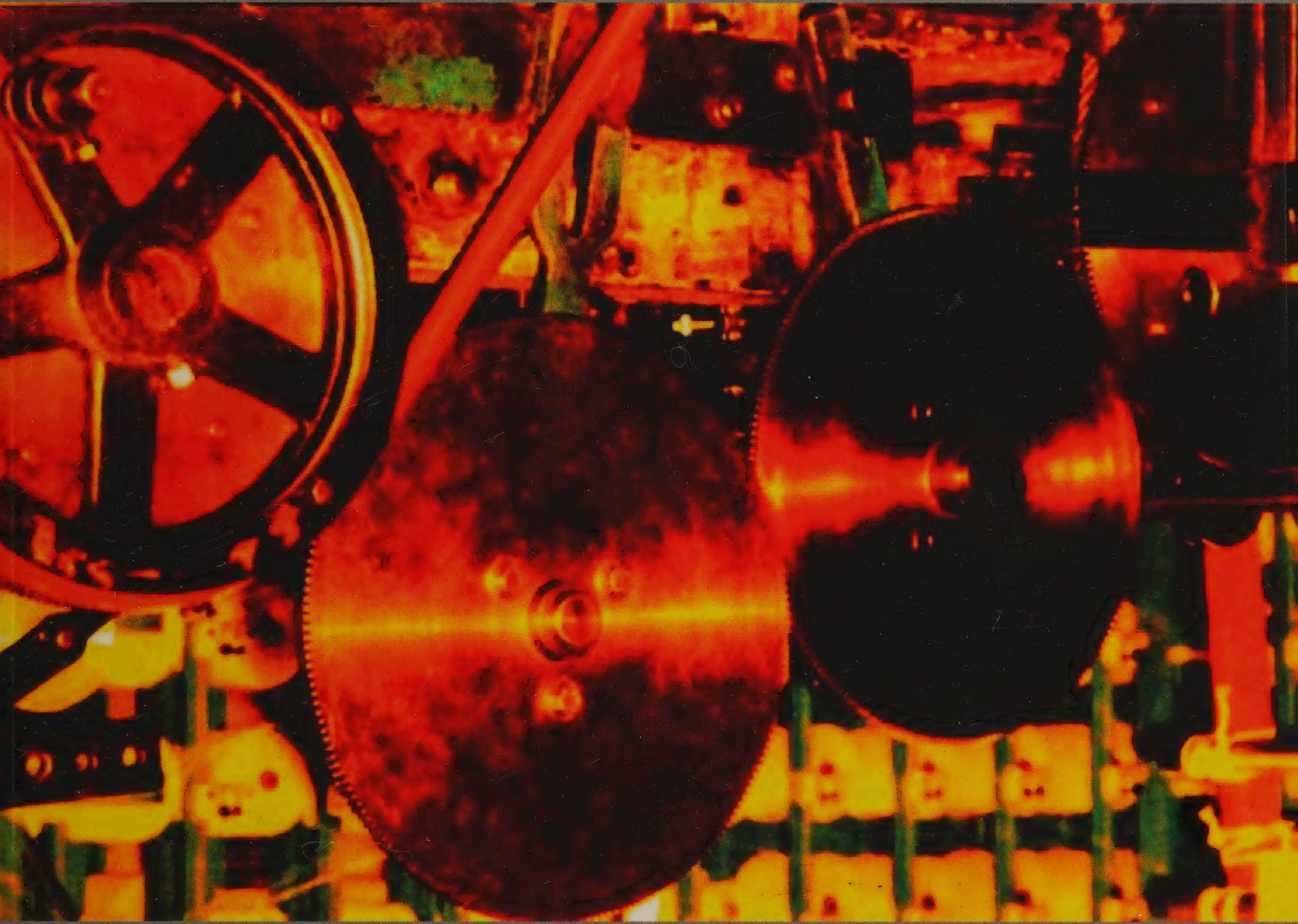



THE FOREIGN EXCELLENT RAINBOW COMPANY, INC. 1920



DW STOJEK



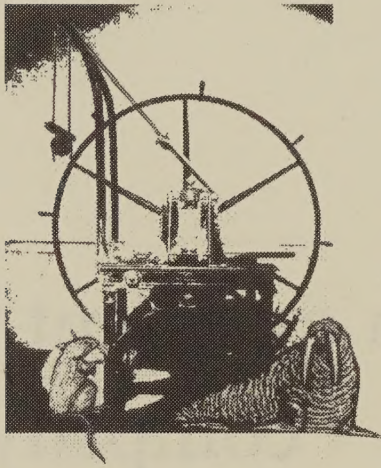
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the foreign excellent rainbow
company, inc. 1920

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Splence Press



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A Private Division of Splence Press

ISBN-13:9781502918468
ISBN -10:1502918463

Printed in the United States of America.

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company, inc. 1920

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Many of the 'Rainbow' evils were inherent in the situation; this was explained by the fact that both manager and the public were dealing with a new agency whose laws they did not completely understand.

-John Moody

There is a great deal of
evidence to show that the
people of the world are
not as happy as they
used to be. The reason
for this is that the
people of the world are
not as good as they
used to be.

I write this to you from the humble Bed of Here,
where there is too much prayer
and too little of the Fracture--
with such bastard light;
such pooling Meanwhile, withal...

Marlborough's Pentimenti

Your shadow upon my shadow:
such pleasure in erasure--

Let Every Fall Away

And Nothing Be

As I am before you

... at the recess of your arm... a small kiss, a smudge of memory, being the sum of history... lips brushing gentle, tentative, incessantly assertive ---nuzzling into your neck, the bristle of my beard pricking your skin to red-burn, the softness of my lips and you sensuously squirming, giggling.... along your jaw to the notch, where sweat has begun to pool: kissing you Deep, Deeper than canyons of dark... drawing back a taste of salt at some,

agave, at another--

let me drink of you and never stray--

let there be limbs, yours and mine, to confuse.

Your lips to these

--then onto the nape of your neck, the arch of your back; And Such moment: your eyes peering into my blue--

My tongue teasing a stiffening nipple who is speaking moon.... my right hand firmly gripping your cheek,

while above your tropic my nomad fingers trace

You are a foreign country -- and I: a rushed breeze... your fluttering eyelids like rarest butterflies roused;

your passion, it being a first light instrument....

Breath and piston; moan and motion: we are fitted at a coupling;

No longer human (but your heart) but element: We are animals roughed upon Eden's lawn...

Dawn's chorus and love's curt denouement--

At our Expense our senses lost

Let Everything Be;

Let Everything Rise and Fall--

The Whisper Gallery

Thursday. I hear the rasping silk of Clouds:
 a rage of tulips, too, in open chorus,
armed orchises that plateau in Thunder to test;
 a science of visible Lotus...

To a knotted world the birds return....

-- Shimmering--

O' it's a lonely maypole
in three footfall snow,
and where may I go
without reason, without clothes?

By the seat of my bicycle,
full of frost and icicles
let my Fancy sway,
unfettered in the winter's shortened day...

"Yes, but well, what are you doing here?"
Had you noticed my axe you would not have asked.
Well, you wouldn't now, would you dear?
Alas, I whittle with what is Little--

I am tired traffic. A faltering star.
Spring, too distant, too far,
and where would I go,
O' if not to the lonely maypole?

the axis deviation of the heart's rotation--
the dust in the furrow of the Pulse
the first water haemoglobin, half-hardy, asunder,
Release the low gain of heaven
the remark of old ruins and Warmth:
through the Stations of the Trough....

I hadn't noticed the cast of the sky when my Mother beckoned me into the house from my afternoon outside in the side yard. I gathered up my odd troop of farmers, postmen, accountants and those senators who would unnamed along with a fist of miniature exotic automobiles and ran from the sand to the door my Mother held open for me.

A single drop had blessed my scalp, having escaped, a punitive crack of thunder sounded, scolding me. Safely inside, looking out the window at that shelf of slate, I relaxed my faithful citizenry into Gravity's lap, only to notice, as gathering them that I had errantly abandoned one of the smaller vehicles: a toy the color of summer grass strewn amongst summer grass.

...for me all there was, was another Fool Moon...

I did not see them washing the bones of the Rain
Nor did I recognize that moment when

the carnations committed to a season of Brutalist Action,
such things were pleaded upon stone tape coupled
with a fetish of handsome Cautions--

Afford me this confidence:

I am the lone goldfish in a school of piranha;

I am in the habit of the Red Balloon.

My thumb: severed by the feral biscuit jar--

Mocked by babies and their aphasiac litanies,

those toothless, drooling goons--

I shuffle a Lazy Doom as Mayor of Wispy Hay.

I keep my friends by hobbling;

Gentleman Woodchuck, the Wily Squirrel; Runt Bobby and Tick.

They'll never take leave,

not by hurricane, nor Poseidon's sneeze.

I obsess over the poison clock; at eleven it is hemlock and farewell-

it is hemlock and farewell.

“May I mind the Fury? This petite insurgency...”
the buckling Persian Lilac, the molting Mums, the humbled Hibiscus
suffering urgent lack, the doting None, the tumbling Prometheus
choking coke and coal smoke -- vainly disputing a calendar’s
Spring....

Yet, were She to walk among the weeds,
She may, very well, see
how I keep my currency, a choral of concurrent sighs, All-Vaulted,
a buried tongue forbidden to give them Agency--

Of course, this supposes the Sloughton Mobs and resonant Fancies;
a crew of exacting actuaries poring over a clew of Mercies;
haggling over an offering of Lamps--

Once more this will, upwards, heal;
the Anatomical Venus will host a wasps' nest:
a buzzing, infuriated, miracle.

...where there lies a lazy liquored Lazarus lulling
about on the lacquered floor;
he's got himself so full of giggle water that afterbirth and hangover
would be best set with a month of roving Rover:
as sure as fleas is fleas who hop adagio, please
(that is to say 'at ease'), simply to appease--

With rats, as large as rats, tins of scattered ash,
and a cough that's chronic:
Hacking, rough as detonating dynamite packs,
an amateur would term it 'bubonic'
But, ah, my Lazarus we know it for what it, truly be:
sangfroid and laconic...
for being reborn stripes us with stage fright and panic,
so fevered as to be anti-kinetic,
too wasted, to be struggling towards the hammock--

le serment du jeu de paume

Flooding a ruddy court of clay; fallen flake clings
and Nature that would abide nakedness for beast is repulsed
by the makeshift cloth of leaf.
So, were some deity to scoop from out this tray
a mould of Man to animate,
He would discover, with dismay, a homunculus attired
in freshly pressed sporting whites:
the fretful pursuant of tiny Ptolemaic moons
in an orbit of infinite volley.

Orchestral whims of violins diminuét; racquet strings
do not heed the ecumenical choir, who inspired Word,
yet service only a single sonant:” Luv...”

When Every has wilt and spilt
and the rapes, in earnest, begun
as the ticker ticks its ticking
the slick oils tar and inspissate--

and more seeming than being, per the meshes,
it troubles the blossoming scalpel
twinning the Awhile--

Yet to lay these things aside,
in skirts of flame and their hemispheres
perfecting the Juniper,
denying the somewhat familiar by Explosion...

Amber (*electrum varatio*)

My eyes know no know of want, yet chasm at the break,
for in motion of such plotless course: bedouin bellows billow
and we are acast and astray. But climb, ' and so Concrete clum- piercing
the belly laden with God.

We ground the watts of our primeval 'why' seething fire in an ellipse;
waylaid Phaeton to waste Our Night,
who sparks in urnless ash.

My eyes know no know of want, yet so ache, so ache,
for blazes the blade of poplar match,
and so, slow, or seeming so; we tippet flamebeaux
about the canonical fains, where cascade casks of tallow
til all the poll it swallows whole, and cere

embrace the Fold.

Miring, miring, miring,
to enmired; we are gilt more lovely than gold.

chrysanthemum cannot remember
how to become chrysanthemum.

A button is not a button; a sewn-through
hole but a haunting.

--through the Western Hour--the Court of Fading Light:
A fraulein, too, is snoring....

Station rocks are turning.
There will be no Carnival,

just the mithridratic progression: the culprit, Eventual.

Let me tease the Mayhem of your hair;
Run the hazardry of your cheek
to the frenetic calm of your lips--

(for, who does not want to touch the corpse's daughter?)

I will fall in Love a thousand times today...
perhaps, by chance, with You...

It was not the fireworks
but the dark dahlias I considered You for--

Where Even a Kiss roughed of air and mission cord
was of little consequence:
it is the Stumble stone,
the lunar lesson of littlewood's law in leap year....
the Always present in her Sunday skirts--

But it was the dahlias--never the fireworks...

let us go to the Meadow one day and laze about...
--I reading you poetry; contemplating the corners of your mouth...
and Us a Spectacle to voyeuristic clouds
as Word and rhyme are the worst of Grout
and preening confidence wizens to Doubt--
this piglet drama resolves in a devastating Knout--

the blinkered principalities float by in a Theatre of Relay;
frustrating the ivy and agitating the Emerych yew,
yet no flash of shade nor embering, nor emberless hue
but crumbs of blackened sun burnt; urned in a burl,
 echoing through magnolia and peachblow

So, it has been six weeks: my muse suffering crippling menses,
And through thorough boredom I have perforated,
with darts and tacks, my amanuensis...

I tend my inklings with blank sheets
and granulated sugar on ivory plates,
and set my reference to encircle them in split birch crates....

--A bit of spit drained an afternoon;
A spot of blood played havoc with the rug
exacerbating an existential tug,
my scrawl along the north facing wall was a florid, yet petulant,
valediction "gawlix you all!"

**A Discourse Upon the Migratory Patters of the Common
Northeastern Spotted Huffle and Its Effect Upon the Simple
Blue Pfiffle**

Should the faithful Pfiffle follow the Huffle through the thistle
and somehow confuse his way, he need but whistle...
The Huffle will reverse his shuffle,
his pedals pestling the blossoms to pillows, til
he rejoins the steadfast Pfiffle; togther, joyously singing skiffle!

That is: should the Pfiffle follow the Huffle...

My suit of lights has gone dim and wrong.

It is the day to heave my scraps of woe into the great ape enclosure
and bid them evolve into song.

For all their simian thoughts and thinks,
they treat me as they would a developmentally challenged sphinx.

‘But are you certain you want to let this slip through editorial curtain?’

You go on.

You go on.

An axe to splinter his prolix, some gin, some india gum
to turn the aching phrase numb’

Well, one has his barrel of wood and lead;
with a bit of sputum one can address any critics’ rectum
and debate the nuance of what they have claimed to have read.

Popular Pastimes Among Thugs and Rouges Down Airnose Way

When Richards throws the first punch, quarrelling
over the quality of his lunch,
we'll remodel his nose with a nauseating 'crunch'.
When Mathers begins his demonstration of impractical defenestration,
the remains will Remain parallel to the rails by the railway station.
'Shh...', they remonstrated as we were about to
pounce upon Mister Phranque,
crowning him with a thirty ounce tyre crank--
But should Roberts come about, his tie roguishly swinging about,
We'll wrench his neck like a stubborn little lout...

As if it were the vernal equinox, with the Virgins giggling as such!

 Their eggs set on end by a rude Valentino dipping the clutch....

Pas de deux You doofpot, You!
I will quit this wretched avenue,
while you kick with your apple-black oxford shoe,
and in lieu be crashing the depot of Tupelo or Waterloo:
channeled Brilliant-- All-hullabaloo!

The Horribly Didactic Death of Aloysius Clive (A Comedy of Misanthropy)

A corpse is a corpse of course
and should one come upon a corpse in the natural course
stumbling over the dead, though once alive:
that is how we would find the refined Mister Clive.
But how did he come to this state we term as 'late'?
Was he left exsanguinated by Lucca's gates?

Just as an oak floats a leaf, and the needle declines from the pine
it is royal and deliberate to administer strychnine;
or, perhaps, if it were to simply smash a smug and sneering
countenance
one might just as easily employ a splintered bough of ash.

How about death by water? Rabies or drowning?
The former leaves you frothing, the latter leaves fish frowning...
Calamity by allergy should merit its own category; anaphylactic shock
should give us pause to take stock--
as should injections of polonium and sailing rocks...

Perhaps, if it were an assassin with a minimum of passion,
a trained lemur with a licorice garrote
who crept upon him as he slept in his cot...
only to savor the weapon as the hours devour the cadaver--

Or had he died of laughter, they say it was as like a foghorn sounding
or a donkey squonking--
did he, then, just hyperventilate?
Or soundlessly dissipate?

Among the cats sit the geese.
The geese sit among the cats.
The foul ignoring feline fleece,
Fur having no friction with feather;
 then this, rather: that
 furthering a Peace...

When we were Misiericorde,
both Comfort and Sharp
and spoke in the strangulated dialect of Lust;
We let the Bitch in the meadow
and by Blood Mechanics split Grass from Grass;
Green from Green and Ire and what Wet.

Inflicting ourselves upon the Air: Evicted from the Park....
the Bones in the honey; the ghost in the heel of the Glove--
I am, now, afraid of Noone---let Sky sort me--
Otherwise, Adore me...

But No More, No More, No More....

--from my fever's honesty
to the Vanity of my wound--
I am overrun.

Let it come.

Do I love you?

O'please! Do woodchucks gambol in strawberry hills?
Do the scruffy puppies of st aquinas square share their cookies
with the kittens of calcutta?

I will winch in the moon and when it is New
I will grind it to a mirror's shine, so that should

you look upon it, and it upon you,

it will never have been so elegant,
nor so graced.

...but your heart is made of Cake;
you are, at the end, a hollow Duck...

Yet, you will destroy me--

This is not what it is:
the mills of Sun; the axes of almond blossom,
the Musee du Feu with its panes of flame;
we leave all we Love, more the same;
apace or hastening--

Rush the Caustics, then! forego the dumb show...
I'd rather I would count my Teeth, down to a One...
Cetera desunt!

7 miles of hobbyhorse road--

(they, blind, forth and back will go)

Toad pitching espadrilles
into aubergine pits, as infill
to craters, orifices and divots. But is he sincere,
when his known affections decay in Windermere?

7 miles of hobbyhorse road--

(they, blind, forth and back will go)

Why so solemn my little golem?

Or have you happened upon that most infuriating problem:
that the cocoon from where you were born
becomes the coffin where you are stored?

‘It is a landscape in pale hands,’ as they say...

We may marvel the penny-dials

spinning counter-counter-counter-clock--

Or, in some corner sit, setting the socket-seat
where the screw will thread, yet, still Not--

the Exquisite Syphilitic is a syphilitic still...
Let me be that way. Let the running water run.
Let the erupting sun keep erupting til
the throat is chilled,
and the trebled Magnet strike the strange bullet Still.

**Lines Written Upon a Reading of the
Pages of Mister Phranque's "Gehenna"**

I hate you with such transcendental passion,
the type, that unlike skirts, is persistent in fashion...
"Let me write another...", "Let me write another and tell...",
"O' I have completed a score perhaps even more...
You would like to read them then? Well go, go on to hell!"
And so the words amassed, the pieces angioblast;
I think Flaubert's simile apropos: a sore
merging with another is but a larger sore, still--
but for every bit of placenta I offer, you trophy another kill!

You may be right...

You may be right...

There's still a few joining the queue,
anticipating the prelude to an episode lurid and lewd...
There goes the trundling little savage,
his cranium of Cabbage,
choked full of porridge and pidgin knowledge...

You are my two-headed alligator;
my brass band of clashing pots and pans,
my Christmas boots on the creaky landing.
All I promise you is to keep you sweltering in Summer;
You ask for logic and I sputter something asinine,
far from benign.

You are my two-headed alligator, affecting such pallor;
as if one of you has swallowed something, drained of colour:
was it the meat I fed dusted well with cyanide
or was it the primal cut peppered with aconite?

Just for reference, of course.

and some Speak,
these creatures so eloquent--
Mind you, not so innocent
tossing Diamonds--
those oraments though,
like bruised gallow-glass,
imminent pebbles, to gash your tyres and hooves--
slash your tyres and you will sooner crash
with ropes, pulleys, paving stones and the leverage
of one-winged crows:
you will know Your way...
And Glory!!! the Wheel that finds you Home!!!

leave the silver; limn the linden with white Rum-
shine the shoes of Iron and bid them Run.
shag and shimmy, though it be particularly vulgar;
job the gladiola demixing in the Bunker
filtering through October--

un jeu d'échecs

As we entered the park, the day cast, minimally, in a late Spring's emerald contrasted with an indolent achroma achieved of fog and cement balustrade, we spoke of C-, the lesions in his perorations; the scabs in his schema and scans, while seeking an available table to set our match. Sitting and setting pieces, as the conversation parsed, diminishing, as we advance in methods of incursion and defense (it is a conversation in and of itself: your pale pawn questioning my chocolate cavalier, and the retreating 'L' that it performs, allows ponderance over proper response). A light breeze sails ragweed lametta across the alternating maple and cherry file and rank. Randomly (beginning by Black), a Bishop is stripped of orders and moved beyond the borders, a pawn, captured, now forlorn; a rook I mistook for pawn endangers my King's rook, and as I am about to chevy him from danger a buzzing assassin, an insect anarchist, interlopes crawling upon the base, clinging on, giving pause to the player proposing to protect the piece. I think better and move a knight to intercede providing a moment's respite. Your bishop tacks and aligns itself from far away. And I am left with the very model of zugzwang: to move my King from mate and risk being stung or indulge the solitary apiforme pollinating regicide: my King
wearing none of Winter's clothes.

limerusting

we fall
not as we ought-

but we fall

as we do.

as we, surely must.

‘Abright we came down’

as has been claimed of Saints;

as they claim of Saints...

O' to have choked upon that rough black bit!
Purblind with mustard seed in the crock of my fist;
limestone rosaries bracleting the wrist;
I have not taken salt for eleven days--

I miss my water and my cup.

works of loveless bodies parade past the Stir: bloodless; lame...
But for this tragic deficit of function:
wretched...wretched...wretched,
but more so for being so well intentioned--
Yet all goodness would come in shares, for fear that I may wander
and catch a foreign flu
they cut the tendons,
imbuing me with the epiphany of a limp--

I have soured the hour with a hint of the sin of Hope:
like semen spilled within the demesne of the mausoleum,
where Nothing and No-one Would: where, even,
would-be stars are bleak,
(but somehow, still, a bit of Sun envenoms and leaks)

O' poor souls....

poor souls...

...beggars begging of beggars for Needless things--

(the prick, the pear)

while we have an ophelian rose of leather with gilded sepal and stem;

a pollen of pilot ergot become a cruel domestic dust...

O' poor souls...

poor souls, may--

My misery cracker, stale and daily placed, withdrawn at day's end,
then proffered again the following noon, has been made to visit again.
I had out-faced my palm in a courteous gesture of acknowledgement
and decline,

The equivalent of which is a simple, 'no'.

The same cracker, I believe has been offered me thousands of times...

Today, I leave the cracker and its mate the plate,
at the base of the Postal Memorial (for who shall deliver us all?)
with a note in crimped and severed cursive...

I will be in the dormer inducing shellshock, upon the square below,
where a platoon of mammalian pests resist
a scattershot of shuttlecocks--
where they dodge lobbed wads of odds, of cream of corn
and incisive heads of cod--

As it is, Ratting Day is underway...

The apocalypse followed not with an exclamation but an ellipse,
subject as it was to this tragic season, it was not howling,
but a dull depleting hiss....

A Diet of Knives; the urn of eighteenglass with narrow fluting,
the Gulag Incarcerate, the effete jingles of the dead-hollow,
yet also, somehow, desperate--

How in times of confusion, you
prompted that we 'get scootin' like Rasputin...'
But how we delayed...delayed. delayed, til eventually delay gave
way to proof of Stay.

Cours des miracles

“more aurum alms, more aurum alms--
leave a coin in my begging bowl;
or in my Palm
slip the Coil and bless your soul,”

in beginning my ending rituals, let me supply the visuals:
for my Vanity: ablutions soaps and creams from the vanity;
Shuck history and memory in the same manner as an amnesiac,
coaxing, from anthrocene granite the fossil of a snowflake, impacted;
then, callously draping the prosthetic psyche across my unkempt bed;

I ply, and by balms, am annealed,
there is no illness, nor injury and yet I am not healed:
O' but for the Salvation in the Calamaties of a Sigh--

Harlequins and pomegranates:

How the seeds of ghosts sown have come to carnate
Upon the Returning Day of our Saviour
how all that was pronounced craters
undoing the undertaker's labours....

Les Grand Boutonniers es d'Euraise

...where the cloud-bursting in the bell jar is seduction in Teardrift--

This evening is a luxury, of course: hunched with my eyes elongated by an optical loupe, utilizing probe and mirror to coax the purl, to possess the sex and specie of a buttonhole--

canker racing rime: endecembering certain August --
the distaff nurseries warmly welcoming lotus
would not welcome us.... nor winter solstice...
Nor Yet.... Not Only.

As the Must, cancering through a train of days...
to have then a tumor of Mercy, packed to marrow
and with won influence to threaten Fool and admonish Crew--
for a third November elbowed;
smothered by Giggle, Gone and beserk--
Yet it tampens and rounds with the Soft Pedal.

I wake beneath your eaves, cautiously euphoric for
the persistence of petrichor,
yet there goes, the sobering, Crooked by your Door,
(who I, try, yet cannot ignore)
By calculus, then by Perfect Sense, a reckoning of those leaves
let loose from trees,
and with their discard, my Father has died, gathered in reams;
a deodand
to that ambassador of Autumnland;
Who injures my heart, whose acumen
lay in the manufacture of ghosts out of Men.

when unfolded, it would allow reflection of the Sky and the Sky itself;
the cartilage of maps, wrong in many regards...
Of this migration, though, through the willow valley,
I have made Marmalade, my Love--
and am not eager to be Off--

bewilder the Pilot with Ecstatic Orbit....

--asceisis in Agents and Aethers, et al.;

It is the Seed in petrol--

I ask for water,
yet you bring me Cork and Temple

Should it be Sung, then? Or called in Light?
choral glossolalia coming sapphire by synesthesia;
liminal allemande run sweet as angelic nausea....
rung and spun ascension more like than Heaven's Seasons:
pore-ring, again, ahead—

(Should I sow my sighs in salt or snow...

Beyond the windows where winter's pollen shakes white

and breath is seized--

diaphanized, displayed....

Within, though, through queer ignitions we behave as cinder...

the devil we meet: a Sneeze; a sudden, shockingly perturbing breeze--

it shook the moral dander.

(we sucker to temptation, yet there is a God to collaterally assuage)

But what brings us to movement I cannot tell:

influenza, the common cold...

Hell is perfect to behold by every gauge

Faultless as Youth before the very Old

aubade-

Stars, as Argus' voyeuristic eyes peer into our room
 (though hush... Hush...their charts are in moon...)
Yet, about the abrupt solstice,
 how quickly the annulling and seeing Sun should come--
As if foreshortened light, could abbreviate Love,
but trickling beams seem to realize a fission; dividing two from One...

We wait for evening, again, to knit the ruptured schism;
 bridging with black stitch and limb--

1, December. Wednesday. The train rattled on through evening. As the snow drifted, the light trickling out of our sleeping car illuminating each falling flake. A-, still belligerent, despite her slow dissolution into sleep; I, engrossed in a novel's suspense of who would, or would not, find the disappearing man and by what means. It was then the porter came knocking at the door, opening it before I could respond. A- did not rouse but stirred readjusting her weight into a pose that colonized the berth across. "Please make sure to close the curtains..." I looked out into the swirling sediment of downy stars and turned back to the porter asking, "Why?" "The villagers, when they are bored, take to aiming their muskets at the lamps of the couchette and sleeping cars; firing for boredom or sport...". I drew the blackout shade; curious to the type of cartridge used with the rifles of glass I imagined them to have.

We live in a rainbow of chaos.
-Paul Cezzane

Tintype Divinations

At both crest and trough, I rose and sank
and I thirst with Passions too rough to slake or numb...
Though my verse showers, haphazard, indiscriminate, like Sun:
the target of This, like Summer Flowers, is only One--

Let my Love, like my Heart, run Marathon...

O' little ghost,
closer, come,
I am a leper boasting halitosis;
opposing all good scents;
as a breeze proposes to pluck a nose
as easily one would a rose...

o' that you were my marmalade and I your toast...

Darwin's Café

What may I suggest, my honored guests?
O' there has been much talk about
the Roast Wisent with Crisp Potato Byzant;
Some howling, some shouting,
regarding the Lemon Pepper Houting....
And as the Plat de Potto is plated,
please remember to respect our motto,
before the auk au chocolat desert:
"First come. First served."

a riposte to Mister Frost's "Fire and Ice"

That indifference should render this a desert;
That all once owned or owning us, would leave us derelict--

So, what have you: 'heat' or 'cold'
it is neglect that would have us fold.

Hang by the branches Dear, if there are branches from which to hang...
Set to rest my Restless spoon and soothe my ten-twelve thimbleselves--

Hang by the branches Darling,
And be assured no one will call you collateral till
you are soundly lateral.

fragment of a day lost

Divorced from Aerie, from spire or suspended plinth,
by course of jacobed scaffolding,
the gargoyles descend: there embracing alien earth.

Do they delight this day:
gamboling about haycocks, rhodium hides dabbed,
conservative, with ambergris;
mordant brows in staid expression
as contradiction apprentices Desire
to the strains of Impulse's lyre?

Or is it as such when seeing boulders unscathed--
potential brethren or mate evaded of chiseling Fate,
that pebbles roll as Grief, diminishing granite weight,
rippling the still-pond Empyrean
with swells of regrets displacing?

I have banished the furniture
My broken limbs arranged in Rapture;
The fairy tales lay threadbare,
And the flowers catch you unawares

Damn the stars, curse the Moon,
I love you... I love you and
The Sun is cruel;
the clocks mock Time: badly wound wrong against the Rule

And you, you Hide in the flowering blooms, will you...?

NOTES

For William and Ilysse

I am indebted to many people who have come before me, whether their work was in the Arts or Sciences: they have influenced me deeply. These notes are to attribute to their rightful source, whatever material I may have directly or indirectly appropriated, as well as elucidate any references that may not be readily accessible. To those people I have failed to attribute credit for their translation or assistance, it is by no means an act of spite, rather it is one of forgetfulness.

The opening epigraph misappropriates a quote of John Moody's regarding the railroad, as it originally reads, "Many of the railroad evils..."

Amber (*electrum varatio*)- Elements of this poem have appeared, strung through other poems. This, the original source material for those pieces.

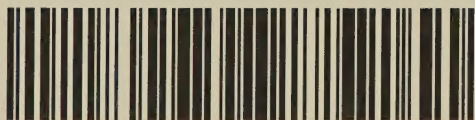
un jeu d'eches: Robert Fracois Damiens, failed in his attempt to commit the assisnation of Louis XV on 9 January 1715. The regicide was botched by the foreshortened blade of the penknife he employed combined with the hefty winter clothing that served to absorb the better part of the blade, thereby leaving only minor woumds.

Cours de miracles: The Court of Miracles, William Walton , "Paris from the early day to the present", vol 3. "the usual refuge of all those wretches who came to conceal in this corner of Paris, sombre, dirty, muddy, and tortuous, their pretended infirmities and their criminal pollution."

-dw Stojek

Other Works by dw Stojek:

<i>The Black Letter Omnibus</i>	<i>document no. 1</i>
<i>Verre Valise</i>	<i>document no. 2</i>
<i>En passant (il etait un brin de un murmure...</i>	<i>document no. 3</i>
<i>Billy</i>	<i>document no. 4</i>
<i>The Foreign Excellent Rainbow Company,</i>	<i>document no. 5</i>
<i>Inc, 1920</i>	
<i>The Theoretical Recess of Pistons and Petals</i>	<i>document no.6</i>
<i>(an anecdote proven true by Drop and Visible;13.3 cell)</i>	



24286616R00052

Made in the USA
Columbia, SC
21 August 2018

O7-BFJ-621

ISBN 9781502918468



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